THE TEACHER'S CANDLESTICK

SLATTERY

268.6
S631t

F. J. Eldredge
— Everett

THE TEACHER'S CANDLESTICK

By Margaret Slattery

Uniform with this volume

LIVING TEACHERS.

THE TEACHER'S CANDLESTICK.

THE CHARM OF THE IMPOSSIBLE.

THE SEED, THE SOIL, AND THE SOWER.

TALKS WITH THE TRAINING CLASS.

JUST OVER THE HILL.

GUIDE FOR TEACHERS OF THE TRAINING CLASS.

THE PILGRIM PRESS

BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

THE TEACHER'S CANDLESTICK

BY

MARGARET SLATTERY

THE CINCINNATI BIBLE SEMINARY
LIBRARY

THE PILGRIM PRESS
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

268.6
S631t

COPYRIGHT, 1909
BY F. M. BARTON COMPANY

COPYRIGHT, 1912
BY LUTHER H. CARY

34095

THE PILGRIM PRESS
BOSTON

THE TEACHER'S CANDLESTICK

THE TEACHER'S CANDLESTICK

ONE day when the leaves were falling and the first chill of winter was creeping over the city, when dull skies and lowering clouds tempted one to look at life through gray glasses, I walked with a friend along a crowded street watching the constant procession of wealth, joy and happiness, of poverty, discouragement and suffering pass by. There a group of pretty girls with their chaperon boarded a car; women richly gowned whirled past in beautiful carriages and luxurious machines. Now, some noisy, bright-eyed boys, fine looking men, a burdened woman sad-eyed and weary,

a little ragged girl with a baby dragging by one hand and a brown pitcher in the other hurried past and were lost in the endless moving picture.

As I watched them and let my eyes wander over that crowded street, then up and up the huge piles of brick and stone within whose shelter thousands of my fellows were working out the problem of life; as I listened to the roar and din of the great city's labor, again as so many times before, I felt the thrilling power of the sense of the immensity of life.

From the summit of Pike's Peak, looking out upon the great sea of mountains, one's soul is thrilled with wonder; beside mighty Niagara one may stand in silent awe, but there is nothing in all the world which can so

move the very heart, as when standing aside for a moment on the crowded street one sees humanity with all its pleasures and joy of living, with all its pathos and ceaseless pain, pass by.

A few moments and we stood before a church I had long wanted to see. We opened the inner door and in the dim light of the late afternoon, we entered. If you have never been into your church on a week day you must go. If you have, you know what it means. A moment—and the world has gone; its rush, its din, its noisy whirl is forgotten, and through the light of tinted windows, from the altar, from the cross to which your eyes are lifted, God speaks and you listen. Then you pray—but not as on Sunday when with your fellow men

you listen to words that are spoken. Now you speak without words, straight to the heart of the great Almighty "That"—the creator of the world—your Father; and as you speak, you know He hears.

In the hush and quiet of the great church we rested until the shadows deepened and some one came quietly in behind the altar rail and lighted seven tiny lights upon a branching candlestick. I saw them shine out one by one. I could not see whether they were lamps or candles, only that they were lights glowing with warmth and cheer which reached down to me in the darkening shadows.

I went quietly out of the church, glancing back at the door to see them shining there, and a verse I had read

long before in Numbers flashed into my mind, "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto Aaron, and say unto him, when thou lightest the lamps, the seven lamps shall give light." As I closed the door and stepped out into the chill, the noise and the need, I said to myself, "I will do it! The seven lights, one by one I will light them! The darkness is great—the candlestick small—yet it can give light."

Have you ever looked at it—"The Teacher's Candlestick," ready, waiting to be lighted? It is your candlestick—it waits for you. Perhaps it stands in some country school out in the prairie, perhaps hidden away in the mountains, or in some discouraging class among the city's poor. It may

be in a large and prosperous school or in the mission compound under foreign skies. Wherever it is you may light the lights, and one by one they shall send out their beams into the darkness.

THE FIRST LAMP—KNOWLEDGE.

Light it with me and rejoice as its tiny rays guide men and women, boys and girls and little children along the way.

One cannot teach what he does not know. When one has listened week after week to lessons given by teachers with very limited knowledge, he realizes the truth of the statement. How evident the meager preparation is! Just a question asked eagerly by some bright boy, and the great lack is

revealed. Seen in contrast with the teacher who knows the subject, who sees all sides of it, who has anticipated questions and prepared for them, how weak seems the one who knows only the words of the text and has not even made these his own by translating them into terms of everyday life.

I once listened to two lessons on "Our Bible." The first lesson to me seemed empty words, yet the teacher was earnest and sincere, and the boys and girls between the ages of twelve and fourteen listened because they respected and liked her. She told them how many books there are in the Bible, asked them to name the divisions, the probable authors of various books, and the books of the Old and New Testaments as they learned

them in the junior department. This was not very satisfactory as they had forgotten. She closed the lesson by saying that our Bible is the most wonderful book in the world and more copies of it are sold than of any other book.

After the class I asked what her next lesson on the Bible was to be. She seemed astonished, and said that was about all she tried to teach. And there it lay on the table, the Book of the ages with its marvelous history all unknown to these boys and girls, who would have been fascinated by the tales of struggle through which it had passed, into whose hearts might have crept a deep reverence for the words so wonderfully preserved through the long centuries.

The second teacher to whom I listened about three weeks later, both fascinated the children and impressed them with a feeling of awe so that they looked with new interest at the familiar Bibles in their hands.

On her table she had a dozen or more Bibles of various sizes, ages, and prints, a model of a parchment scroll, pictures of very old Bibles and the pages of Hebrew manuscript from the British museum.

"Where did we get our Bible?" was her first simple, direct question. The answers were varied and very vague. They had no clear ideas; in fact most of them had never thought about it. As she began her word picture I saw the travelers sit down before the fire in the old convent, saw the servant

come in with the basket of manuscripts, yellow with age, ready to burn them. I saw one of the travelers seize them and heard his exclamation of joy and surprise as he told his companions that these rolls were parts of the Old Testament, the oldest manuscripts he had yet seen. I listened with interest to her story of the three oldest Bibles in the world, how much they were worth and where one might see them. But I enjoyed most of all the look upon the faces of the children as she described very simply the work of translation from the old manuscripts.

It dawned upon them for the first time through how many tongues the words had come to us and the fact that every little word had to be translated. When she asked how many would like

just to copy the book of Genesis without the work of translating, a sigh went around the class, and not a hand was raised. She did not tell them that the Bible is a wonderful book. She did not need to, for they felt it.

When, after class, I asked her about the future work, she gave such an interesting outline I wanted to return and hear, as she would tell it, how the first Bible was printed, how young George, who could write, spent an hour every morning copying from the English Bible chained to the pulpit, some of the stories he longed to read to himself and his neighbors. I wanted to listen to her stories of what that Bible has done and is doing in the hands of brave missionaries all over the world.

"I don't ask them to remember the names of the books," she said in a half apologetic way, "I just want them to know where to find the stories of the great men and where to look for familiar chapters and verses." She was right, the names of the books would come of themselves.

She had lighted the lamp of knowledge upon her candlestick. She made her pupils, as she made me, want to know more. She sent them away with a deep respect and feeling of reverence for the book which they had taken to Sunday school so many years without even thinking whence it came. She knew her subject and out of her abundance she gave to them. I have listened to many teachers since whose subject matter was so broad that after

scores of lessons were taught, it had not begun to be exhausted. Such knowledge of any subject does not come all at once. Knowledge never does. The lamp is lighted and being constantly fed with oil, glows brighter with the years. The question is, have you lighted the lamp?

But knowledge of material out of relation to those to whom it must be given is almost useless. I know a professor whose knowledge of astronomy seems unlimited. But he does not know boys. When he tries to get his knowledge of stars into the heads of boys he makes a dead failure. The teacher of astronomy must know not only stars but boys, and what is harder still, girls.

It is the old, familiar sentence again,

"The teacher must know the child."

How can I know him? If only I can successfully light this larger lamp of knowledge, my candlestick will be of service to the world even though the other lamps burn dimly.

It costs something to know children, and it pays larger dividends than anything else I know.

Am I willing to pay what it costs? I must face that question first. We get nothing in this world for which we do not pay. Even love must be paid for in sacrifice, which though it is sweet to give, costs something. It costs in time to know children and unless I am willing to give it, I cannot know them. To gain even a working knowledge of children by contact with them one hour a week on Sunday is

absolutely impossible. One does not get acquainted through the more or less formal relation of teacher and class. I have repeatedly learned more about a class of forty children in fifteen minutes on the playground at recess, than in five hours in the schoolroom. I have learned more about a girl in one hour's walk through the fields in the springtime than in a year of observation in the classroom. This knowledge cost me something. It took my time. It will take the time of every teacher who means to light the lamp of knowledge upon his candlestick. He will have to add to the one hour on Sunday, the tramp through the woods, the quiet evening in the parlor, the trolley ride, the class picnic and social, the occa-

sional invitation to concert or lecture, the numberless ways and means by which he may gain that intimate knowledge which will make it possible for him to know the child.

"Where can I get this time?" so many teachers ask. I do not know. I only know that experience and observation have taught me that we find time for the things we want to do most. I know a young man who had tried everything he knew to improve the discipline of his class of boys; who had sought advice from every authority he could reach, yet failed to gain control. Suddenly he awakened to the fact that he knew nothing about his boys. He began to want to know them; found time to invite them to his home for dinner; to have an evening

of games with a group of two or three; to put a boy with talent for the violin in contact with a good teacher; to get a "job" for another who was obliged to leave school; to find work as janitor for the mother of the most hopeless one in the class, and to encourage the most ambitious to go on, under difficulties, with his preparation for college. In less than a year, to his great surprise, the attendance was regular and the discipline had taken care of itself.

To gain knowledge of children demands not only time but patience. It is so easy to judge them by what they do. It is hard to patiently search for the motive which lies behind the act. But I can never really know them un-

less I am willing to suspend judgment until I find out why.

There is a cause for every result, and the expert gives his time and thought to that, rather than to the result. When one suffers from headache it is necessary first to give temporary relief, but no physician would be content to let the case rest there. There must be a reason for the headache; he finds it, then works intelligently.

It is so easy for most of us who are at work with children to content ourselves with "temporary relief"; it is hard for us, with sympathy, enthusiasm and unlimited patience, to search out the real causes of our problems. But if the lamp of knowledge is to burn with increasing brightness, this is what we must do.

Knowledge of children, their inheritance, environment, interests, hopes, desires and dreams; knowledge of material, which when presented shall deepen and intensify every good motive, and awaken a hunger and thirst for all things worth while—this is included in the lamp at which we have been looking. Set it aflame upon your teacher's candlestick without delay and feed it constantly with fresh oil through the years.

THE SECOND LAMP—TRAINING.

The second lamp I would light with the same eagerness and enthusiasm. It is called Training. It is more apparent in these days than ever before, that one to do the best work, must know not only what, but how. To know

how, one must be trained. His training is two fold; it comes through theory and practice. If one works without theory he expends effort blindly. If one has only theories with which to meet life's problems, he is not practical and his help is not vital.

The training class, where those of a community interested in the same problems of religious education can meet together and discuss theories which may help them, or, where under the stimulus of a united interest and with a competent leader, they can study the Bible and methods of presenting its truths, telling its stories and fixing in the mind its characters, is of the greatest benefit to the teacher.

The training class in the individual school, where the young people who

are to be the teachers of the next few years are led to thoughtfully consider, in simple ways, the mental life of the child, his periods of development, his changing interests and latent possibilities, is giving to hundreds of churches more thoughtful teaching of their children. But when such classes for the training of teachers are not within reach, it is possible for one to train himself in the theory of teaching. Books and magazine articles written simply and clearly, give to the teacher who is in earnest, very real and definite help. They make him think and his class benefits by his thinking. They furnish him with theories and his class gives opportunity to test them. Very real tests they are sometimes! Twenty minutes or

half an hour a day given to these books and courses of study will make a wonderful improvement in one's teaching power, even in a year. One can find twenty minutes a day if he wants to enough. It is true that the Sunday school cannot at present demand or expect trained teachers in the strictest sense. But it can expect, and ought to demand, teachers with much better equipment than many now have.

One day in the early spring some years ago, I was busy trying to improve the grass plot in front of my home. Workmen repairing the steps had torn and trodden down the grass and it looked rather hopeless. As I was working a neighbor passed and said laughingly, "Don't work so hard; you will never be able to make a fine

lawn out of that, it's the wrong kind of soil." Half in fun I answered, "You are just like the rest of the world! Why don't you encourage me a little instead of saying it can't be done." "Well," was the reply, "it can't, so why not say so?" "Because, what I am trying to do can be done. You see I am not trying to make a fine lawn; I am just determined to make a better lawn than I have now."

How many times since, the words have come back to me, "better than I have now." Yes, that is what I can do with the problem of training. I may never be a wonderful teacher, perhaps not even a "fine" teacher, but if I persistently work, training myself, I may always,—there is no exception to the rule,—become a better teacher

than I am now. And so I will light with determination and expectation the second lamp upon the teacher's candlestick and bid it send its tiny rays out into the shadows.

THE THIRD LAMP—EXAMPLE.

It is not only by knowledge and through training that my candlestick may give light, for the third lamp, Example, has always sent shining steady beams out into the world of need.

What I do will always reach further than what I say. "What you do speaks so loud that I cannot hear what you say," is one quotation children unfailingly remember and believe. Their eyes are keen and sharp and alas for me, if what I say on Sunday

will not match what I do on Saturday; or if I ask them to do what I am not myself willing to do. If I expect them while away in the summer vacation to attend Sunday school and bring back to me the card signed by superintendent or teacher saying they have done so, then I must myself be a visitor in some school during vacation and return with my card signed. If I expect "home work" I must do my own, which consists of the careful preparation of what I shall require of them. Many teachers fail to secure "home work" because they fail to prepare definite work to be done.

If the girls in my class can see me just once in perfect control of my temper under trying circumstances, it means more than my month's teaching

of self control. If they hear me repeat the words of gossip, unkindly criticism of my pastor, superintendent, or fellow teachers, then, when I am ready to teach what the epistle of James has to say about the tongue, what I say will be only words and will not carry weight.

About three or four years ago I remember we had a long series of rainy Sundays. It lowered the attendance in my department in Sunday school and greatly interfered with the work. At last a pleasant Sunday came and I talked earnestly with the children, asking them to think of Sunday school as they did of the day school, and make a great effort the next rainy Sunday to have our attendance at least fifty out of a possible sixty-five. My

plea seemed to make an impression. In about two weeks the rainy Sunday came. Not only Sunday, but Friday and Saturday there had been a down pour. On Friday night I had attended a concert and having a severe cold had taken a carriage. On Sunday the cold was no better and everyone said I must not think of Sunday school. It meant a long trolley ride, a change of cars and a wait in the rain. Suddenly my conscience said to me, "Why not take a carriage as you did on Friday night? You told the children to make every effort to be present." It came as a shock to me. Take a carriage to Sunday school; whoever heard of such a thing! I had to do it Friday because I had my ticket and couldn't miss the concert!

We had a long debate, my conscience and I, and it won, and I finally, a little late, drove to Sunday school. The children were there, fifty-two of them. I wish you might have seen the smile with which they greeted me. I congratulated them for their "effort" and they showed open appreciation of mine. I never received a larger rate of interest on any dollar I invested than came to me from that one. What if I had not gone to Sunday school that day? They would have gotten along without me. Probably none of them would have greatly suffered morally because I was not there, and yet if I had not gone I would have had nothing more to say on the subject of rainy Sundays. How many times I have learned it! I cannot af-

ford, no teacher can afford, to let his actions close his lips, so that the words which ought to be said cannot be said by him. Yes, what they see me do must always mean more than what they hear me ask them to do. That is why, all over our land, teachers of limited knowledge and meagre training whose lives have spoken purity, sacrifice, fearless honesty and real courage, have been able to teach, in spite of limitations, with that power which influences life and character.

Live, then speak. Light with deep determination the lamp of example, knowing that even though the others burn dimly, it will shine into the dark where men are at work with their problems and will bring cheer and confidence.

When I have lighted the lamps of knowledge, training and example there is a fourth which I must light or these will slowly burn out as they have done on many a candlestick.

THE FOURTH LAMP—PERSEVERANCE.

Its name is Perseverance, and without it I can do nothing. "We cannot begin our Sunday school exactly at twelve, the pupils will not come on time," some superintendent says to me, and I answer, "You mean, not that you cannot begin on time, but that you have not yet done so. It is one of the things that can be done if one keeps at it. "My girls will not do home work," writes a puzzled teacher. "It can't be done in my class," adds another. They mean it

hasn't been, not it can't be done. If a thing ought to be done there must be a way to do it. If there is a way, it can be found. This is plain common sense and it helps one wonderfully in solving his problems as a teacher.

It is such a stimulus to recall how through perseverance men have accomplished the seemingly impossible. When mountain ranges stood in the way of progress, perseverance led first around, then over, then through them. When rapid transit became a necessity and there was no more room for tracks in the street, perseverance led men to construct tracks over the street, and under the street, then under the river and the harbor. Now it is said that the merchants of Paris are asking that the roofs of their shops be made the

stations for air ships. Perseverance explains accomplishment in every line of work, and without it the teacher's candlestick can give but feeble rays of light.

THE FIFTH LAMP—ENTHUSIASM.

There is a fifth lamp which should burn with steady, cheerful flame upon every candlestick. I have already suggested its name. It is Enthusiasm. The real genuine enthusiasm which no difficult or disagreeable circumstance can dampen. Talk with a golf enthusiast ten minutes a day through the golfing season, or with a base-ball or foot-ball enthusiast, and you will see what I mean. I like to see a Sunday school enthusiast. He is not affected by heat or cold. Even Sun-

day school concerts, and rehearsals where two are present when ten should be, will not dampen his ardor.

I remember with delight a conversation I overheard some weeks ago in a church vestry. A young man, home from college over Sunday asked if he might walk home with one of the girls, a teacher in the primary department. "I have a Sunday school class," she explained, "and shall not be ready to go until after one o'clock." In a half sarcastic tone he asked, "What do you teach in Sunday school for?" "Because I want to," was her answer. "I just love it." Then followed the most enthusiastic description of eight boys I have ever heard, and she meant it. I wish we had more who loved it! What a differ-

ence it would make in the spirit of the teaching force in most Sunday schools. There is no light upon the teacher's candlestick which can so quickly set other lights aflame. Every teacher needs it. If it is genuine it will keep him steady in times of discouragement and will make his work a pleasure and satisfaction. Happy are those children whose teachers "just love it."

THE SIXTH LAMP—SYMPATHY.

The next lamp, burning but dimly on many a candlestick, and not yet lighted on many another, is Sympathy. I do not mean what is expressed in the common phrase, "I am sorry for you," falling easily from so many lips. Not, I am sorry or glad for you,

but with you. When I truly sympathize, I feel with you. Memory and imagination are in action, and as I look at you, hear your story or read the record of your life, I can say, "I understand." For a moment we are near kinsmen, brothers, yes, more, I am you!

No one can teach successfully who has not deep in his nature the elements of sympathy. Without sympathy it is impossible to understand and without understanding one cannot teach. Perhaps this is what the old Hebrew philosopher meant when he said, "With all thy getting, get understanding."

Sympathy more than anything else enlarges my world and makes me one with all sorts and conditions of men.

It is this that awakens me to new life when early some warm June morning, I see my twelve year old neighbor carefully adjusting his new fishing rod, and examining with serious face his can of bait. Then with pleasure and expectation in his face, in his very step, I see him start off for the day. His anticipation and joy are mine. I, too, although in reality I must work hard all day, am 'goin' fishin' !"

When the last sweet days of June come stealing on, and roses and commencements are everywhere, it is sympathy that stirs my heart and makes it beat faster as I watch them take their places upon the platform; the girls in the white dresses that for weeks have been of such tremendous

importance, and the young men so determined in their effort not to look self-conscious, and failing so completely. I may have seen scores of classes march out upon the platform, and at the close receive their parchment rolls tied with ribbon, and yet it is all new, as new as if none had ever been graduated before. For I have seen sweet, excited faces, and strong, manly ones looking down into the audience where sat fathers and mothers to whom this graduation is the only one worthy of interest. It has cost them much; they have paid it gladly and, following their proud eyes to a certain seat, in front row or third, I understand and for one glad moment their satisfaction is mine.

If I have the power of sympathy,

as I watch the mother reaching out her arms to catch the little toddler taking his first tiny steps, her joy may be mine; and if perchance that awful day comes when the little feet are still, and instead of the music of the baby voice, the perfume of flowers and the crushing silence fills the house, then her unspeakable sorrow is mine, and as I put my arm around her and whisper "God comfort you," I understand—and the time will come when I can help.

If I have sympathy, my horizon is ever broadening and reaching out, until I can feel with the little heathen child-widow, the burdened woman of the slums, the men and women who, overtaken by sin, have gone down under its power, the young and happy

to whom life is just a holiday, the earnest and serious, the successful men and the failures. With sympathy I can feel the mighty throbbing heart of humanity until, thrilled and inspired by the great, common need, I shall act for the good of my fellows.

If the heart and mind of the teacher be closed to all the comedies and tragedies of childhood and youth, how can he hope to find words with which to build character that shall stand the test of life's experiences? He cannot do it! The teacher must sympathize, feel with his pupils,—all his pupils,—and if he earnestly desires this power of understanding he can have it.

All knowledge and all achievement begins in desire. By desire I am led to seek and then to find. As soon as I

really desire to "feel with" my fellows I shall banish from mind and heart all pretense and false standards and look at men as friends and brothers. There is no other way by which I may understand.

To Christ all men were brothers. He said it, and lived it. His sympathy was perfect. He touched the hearts of men to the very depths; so deeply, indeed, that for more than nineteen hundred years they have been responding to his call for higher, more honorable and generous living. It is belief in His sympathy, power to feel with, and understand, that leads strong men and little children to whisper to God the heart's deepest petitions, "for Christ's sake."

If, as a teacher, I am to show these

boys and girls and young men and women the way to their Father, and lead them into obedience to His will, the lamp of sympathy must burn with clear and steady light upon my teacher's candlestick.

THE SEVENTH LAMP—FAITH.

And now let us light the last lamp; the central one, the lamp of Faith. What could we do with our teacher's candlestick were it not for faith? This is the lamp whose warm, deep glow gives courage to the laborers in the darkest and most hopeless places. Faith which makes us know that at the beginning and end of all honest effort is God. When once we know it, and confidence in Him sweeps over

our souls, we can face facts without fear.

There is poor teaching in the Sunday school today; there is a lack of real appreciation of the teacher's mission; there are unsatisfactory lessons; there is indifference,—utter absence of interest on the part of parents and a tendency to ignore the Sabbath; poor inheritance and environment for thousands; great wickedness everywhere in the world. The pressure of life is heavy, time is all too short; there is no money to do the needed work—how endless the difficulties one must meet. And yet we need not fear. Good is greater than evil. God is greater than all these things.

Light your lamp of faith. In its ever brightening rays you may see hospitals

of every sort; homes for all manner of needy children; shelters for the neglected and sin-cursed; millions in gold given every year freely; men with great souls working all over the world for purity, civic righteousness and peace; men striving to answer tremendous and baffling questions; conventions on every hand where people by the hundred give their time, money and lives, in the effort to bring better things to every man. Keep your faith,—in your children, yourself and your God.

Through all the ages the lamp of faith has shone, else had men died.

Its beams came softly through the gloom of the years no pen has recorded; more steadily they came through the long centuries when man was find-

ing himself, and brighter still as he grew, prospered and overcame. It burned on through the last dark years of Roman rule and lighted the way of the Christ-child's manger. When he went away it still shone on, and forgetting its mission lost its message in the greed for lands and gold. Then the lamp burned low but a tiny ray reached Luther's monastery cell, and again flashed forth the beacon to guide the world. When men forgot love in law, again it shone, until a better, deeper and more Christlike brotherhood was born. It is shining still and in its calm, steady beams I may light my own small lamp.

Knowledge, Training, Example, Perseverance, Enthusiasm, Sympathy and Faith! And yet, as Ruskin says

in "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and Dr. Hill in "Seven Lamps," which he has lighted to guide the public school teacher on his way,—after all they are only seven lights, and many more must be lighted as men shall learn their need.

Only seven lights upon the candlestick which we as Sunday school teachers have lighted today. They may not be the seven most needed upon your candlestick, but as they shine out they can help you to go home to your own world and light one by one the lamps you need upon your candlestick.

All the good you want for these whom you call your children, God, who has taught the children of men to call Him "Father" wants much

34095
268.6
S631t
THE CINCINNATI BIBLE SEMINARY
LIBRARY

more. Trust Him and help Him to bring it to pass. They are your children—and God's. Never forget that. Light your lamps then with courage and joy. Remember that as Zechariah saw in his vision the two olive trees feeding the lamps upon the candlestick, so you may see God's almighty power and love feeding your tiny lamps. That is what Browning meant when he said:

"Would I fain in my impotent yearning do all for this man,
And dare doubt he alone shall not help him, who yet alone can?

* * * * *

Would I suffer for him that I love?
So wouldst thou—so wilt thou!
So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown—

And thy love fill infinitude wholly,
nor leave up nor down
One spot for the creature to stand
in!"

THIS BOOK MAY BE KEPT
FOURTEEN DAYS
A FINE WILL BE CHARGED FOR EACH
DAY THE BOOK IS KEPT OVERTIME.

DEMCO 38-293

CINCINNATI BIBLE COLLEGE & SEM. LIBRARY
268.6 S631t
Slattery, Margaret/The teacher's candles
main
3 4320 00008 9898

268.6
S631t
34095
Slattery, Margaret
The Teacher's Candlestick

THE CINCINNATI BIBLE
SEMINARY LIBRARY
A. No. 34095
D. D. No. 268.6
S631t